

Tim. Be it not in thy care:
Go I charge thee, invite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and Ile provide. *Exeunt*

Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1. Sen. My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't,
The faulst Bloody:

'Tis necessary he should dye:
Nothing imboldens sinne so much, as Mercy.

2. Most true; the Law shall bruiſe 'em.

Alc. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.

1. Now Captaine.

Alc. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;

For pity is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants vse it cruelly.

It pleases time and Fortune to lye heauie
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood

Hath stept into the Law: which is past depth
To those that (without heede) do plunge into't.

He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he foyle the fact with Cowardice,

(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,

Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his Foe:

And with such sober and vnnoted passion
He did bechooe his anger ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but prou'd an Argument.

1. Sen. You vndergo too strict a Paradox,

Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire:

Your words haue tooke such paines, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling

Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede
Is Valour misbegot, and came into the world,

When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.

Hee's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breath,

And make his Wrongs, his Out-side,

To weare them like his Rayment, carelessly,
And ne're preferre his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,
What Foily 'tis, to hazard life for ill.

Alc. My Lord.

1. Sen. You cannot make grosse finnes looke cleare,

To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.

Alc. My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,
If I speake like a Captaine.

Why do fond men expose themselves to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,

And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
Without repugnancy? If there be

Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant

That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon?

The fellow laden with Irons, wiser then the Iudge?
If Wisdome be in suffering, Oh my Lords,

As you are great, be pittifully Good,
Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is finnes extreamest Guilt,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most iust.

To be in Anger, is impietic:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.

Weigh but the Crime with this.

2. Sen. You breath in vaine.

Alc. In vaine?

His seruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1. What's that?

Alc. Why say my Lords ha's done faire seruice,
And slaine in fight many of your enemies:

How full of valour did he beare himselfe
In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2. He has made too much plenty with him:

He's a sworne Rioter, he has a sinne

That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.

If there were no Foes, that were enough
To ouercome him. In that Beastly furie,

He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
And cherish Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to vs,

His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

1. He dyes.

Alc. Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.

My Lords, if not for any parts in him,

Though his right arme might purchase his owne time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,

Take my deserts to his, and ioyne 'em both.

And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,
He pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you

Vpon his good returnes.

If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,

Why let the Warre receiue't in valiant gore,
For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more.

1. We are for Law, he dyes, vige it no more
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,

He forfeits his owne blood, that spillles another.

Alc. Must it be so? It must not bee:

My Lords, I do beseech you know mee.

2. How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3. What?

Alc. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgome,
It could not else be, I should proue so base,

To sue and be deny'd such common Grace.

My wounds ake at you.

1. Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:

We banish thee for euer.

Alc. Banish me?

Banish your dotage, banish vsurie,

That makes the Senate vgly.

1. If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our waightier Iudgement.

And not to swell our Spirit,

He shall be executed presently. *Exeunt.*

Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
That you may lye

Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.

I'm worse then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes

While they haue told their Money, and let out

Their Coine vpon large interest. I my selfe,

Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?

Is this the Balsome, that the vsuring Senat

Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment.

It comes not ill: I hate not to be banishd,

It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie,

That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere vp

My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;

'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at odds,

Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods. *Exit.*

Enter diuers Friends at severall doores.

1. The good time of day to you, sir.
2. I also wish it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord
did but try vs this other day.

1. Vpon that were my thoughts trying when wee en-
countred. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it
seeme in the triall of his seuerall Friends.

2. It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Fea-
ring.

1. I should thinke so. He hath sent mee an earnest in-
uiting, which many my neere occasions did vrge mee to
put off: but he hath coniu'd mee beyond them, and I
must needs appeare.

2. In like manner was I in debt to my importunat but-
finesse, but he would not heare my excuse. I am sorrie,
when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Prouision was
out.

1. I am sicke of that greefe too, as I vnderstand how all
things go.

2. Euery man heares so: what would hee haue borro-
wed of you?

1. A thousand Peeces.

2. A thousand Peeces?

1. What of you?

2. He sent to me sir — Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how
fare you?

1. Euer at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2. The Swallow followes not Summer more willing,
then we your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaues Winter, such Sum-
mer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not re-
compence this long stay: Feast your eares with the Mu-
sicke awhile: If they will fare so harshly o'th Trumpets

found: we shall too't presently.

1. I hope it remains not vnkindely with your Lord-
ship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.

Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you.

2. My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheere?

The Banquet brought in.

2. My most Honorable Lord, I am e'ne sick of shame,
that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was
so vnfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Thinke not on't, sir.

2. If you had sent but two houres before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.
Come bring in all together.

2. All couer'd Dishes.

1. Royall Cheere, I warrant you.

3. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yeild it

1. How do you? What's the newes?

2. Alcibiades is banish'd: heare you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd?

3. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1. How? How?

2. I pray you vpon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

3. Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward

2. This is the old man still.

3. Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

2. It do's: but time will, and so.